#### The New York Store (ESTABLISHED 1853.)

3 Bales== 109 Pieces Of the Richest and Rarest of

# Oriental Rugs

Arrived here yesterday morn-

Direct from

Constantinople We will offer them for sale, beginning at 9 o'elock this morning, at unusually low prices,

ranging from

\$6 to \$50

Early buyers will get the choice of the

## Pettis Dry Goods Co

# LEW WALLACE CIUAK For an hour her condition was almost hopeless, but the medicine began to take effect

S. D. PIERSON. General Agent

#### AMUSEMENTS.

For those who do not object to the story, "A Milk White Flag" is one of the best of Hoyt's productions. In point of scenery and spi ics it is very strong, and the lines are ght. Another big audience saw the production at English's last night. Today's matinee and to-night's performance will conclude the engagement.

William Barry, in "The Rising Generation," comes to English's to-morrow night for the rest of the week.

The "South Before the War" engagement at the Empire concludes to-night. The attendance has been great. The Empire will have a change of attraction to-morrow in the engagement of Prof. Herbert Albini, the magician, and his company of enter-

The two performances of "Birds of Feather" at the Park to-day will close its engagement. Popular Pete Baker and his fellow players have drawn well. To-mor-row "The Land of the Midnight Sun" will open for three days of spectacular drama.

GREAT SUN SESSION.

Red Men with All Kinds of Names Assemble in Annual Meeting.

The delegates to the twenty-eighth Great Sun session of the Grand Council of Improved Order of Red Men made nominations yesterday afternoon for officers for the coming year. L. B. Weaver, of Warsaw, was nominated for great sachem, and C. R. McClelland, of Madison, for great senior sagamore. Four or five faithful members during the "Great Sun" were nominated for great sagamores. Thomas J. Gray was nominated for great prophet, and a number were placed in nomination for delegates to the coming Great Council. To-day the delegates will vote upon the nominations, and to-night the great chief will be received and banqueted at the Grand by councils of the Degree of Pocahontas. Yesterday morning Great Sachem Gray, in his "long talk," gave a history of the work for the past year. The "long talk" of Thomas G. Harrison, great chief of records, shows: Number of tribes, 155; members, 12.476; total receipts, \$106,154.46; expenditures \$79.347.77 Sun, \$26,806.69; widows' and orphans' \$3,279.73; tribal investments, \$96,212.07; 119 PS \$126 200 49

To-morrow the Great Council of the De-gree of Pocahontas, the first session held since the organization of the degree, will There are over seven thousand in the State belonging to the de-

## A MURDERER ARRESTED.

John Fisher, Colored, Who Killed a Man in Bouisville in March.

John Fisher, colored, was arrested last night by detectives Thornton and McGuff for the murder of Dan Fox, colored, at Louisville, on March 3, last. The arrest was upon information from Louisville, but this information did not give Fisher's proper description, nor his residence. Thornton made inquiries and learned that a man named Fisher had come to the city during the summer. He found that a man by that name was engaged as a washer at the College-avenue street car barns. Last night he, in company with McGuff, went to the barns and found Fisher there. The latter confessed to having killed a man at Louisville in March, but said it was in self-defense. The story which Fisher tells indicates that the murder was the result of a fight over a woman. He was at the hor woman when Dan Fox arrived. Fox was ome and threatened to kill Fisher eping company with the woman. Fish-

ince he has been in this city Fisher has been living with his father on Baltimore avenue. He is twenty-four years of age, very light, tall and slender. He does not object to being taken back to Louisville for trial.

## CITY NEWS NOTES.

Dr. W. R. Stewart will discuss the sub before the Homeopathic to-night at the Grand

The police have a fine heavy laprobe

an owner. An effort was made yesterday by a stranger to sell the article The Science Club will meet at the Deni son House to-night. The paper will be "Our Sewer System," by ex-City Engineer Charles C. Brown. The meeting is public. Rev. C. H. McDowell has entered upon the eighth year of his pastorate in the University-place Baptist Church. The week is being commemorated by the Baptist peo-

Rev. A. L. Orcott, of Danville, Ind., will preach to the congregation of the Engle-

probably be extended to Mr. Orcott to take charge of the pulpft of the Englewood church permanently.

## Colbert Needs No Gong.

While Mr. Powell was superintendent of he had a gong placed on the red wagon belonging to the department, in which he and the captains rode. The gong was seldom used, but occasionally in going to a fire or making a quick call it sounded a warning to pedestrians. Superintendent Colbert had been in office but a few hours when his eye caught sight of the gong, and he had it removed. He says he doesn't want any bell to tell people that he is com-

Sergeant Schwab on Duty. Police Sergeant Schwab appeared at headquarters yesterday for the first time in sev-

which he will have to use for some weeks to come. The sergeant suffered a broken ankle seven weeks ago, all from the cause that he started to ride a short distance on his bicycle without trouser guards. The sergeant believes that guards should be called life preservers instead of trouser pro-

A CASE OF NEGLIGENCE.

Dispensory Physicians Refuse to Answer a Call for Frivolous Reasons.

A colored woman feel unconscious on the Indiana-avenue bridge over the canal last evening about 10 o'clock. She was picked up and carried into the drug store of L. C. Hayes, on a near corner. No doctor could be found in the neighborhood. The woman was in a precarious condition. The City Dispensary was called up by telephone by Merchant policeman Chandler. The latter was unable to answer satisfactorily the questions of the dispensary doctor regarding the name, residence and ailment of the woman. He replied that she was unconscious and unable to speak. The dispensary physician said the case could not be handled, for there was no place to take the woman, and Chandler was advised to call the City Hospital. He did as directed, and at the hospital he was told to have a dispensary physician visit the woman, and if she were really sick, he could send for the City Hospital ambulance. It took probably three minutes to speak to the hospital, and then an effort was made to get the dispensary again by telephone. No answer could be obtained by the repeated rings. Chandler called police headquarters, and the latter attempted to speak to the dispensary, but the telephone was not answered. Try the Celebrated

Sergeant Corrigan was in charge affairs and said that the woman would be brought to police headquarters, and not be allowed to die in the street. He ordered patrolmen Bolen and Lyons to call at the dispensary and see what was the matter with the force. Dr. Clark was found in charge. He said that the case had not been properly represented to him, as he was not told that the woman had taken poison, and he thought the ambulance was wanted, but thought the ambulance was wanted, there was no place to take the woman. In the meanwhile Dr. Wm. Chavis had been ed and he removed the woman to his office in the rear of the drug store. At first he said there was little hope of saving her life, for she had gone so long without treatment that the poison was thoroughly absorbed. The symptoms were those of norphine poisoning. Sergeant Kurtz and patrolmen Kurtz and Diltz assisted the doctor, who gave the usual antidotes. The officers rubbed and slapped the woman, keeping her from going into a sound sleep. hour her condition was almost h and she revived. She was not out of dan-The most exquisite 10c Cigar ever of- ger, however, until an early hour this morning. Persons who called identified the woman as Mrs. Hattie Barnes, of North Indianapolis, wife of Frank Barnes. She is a mulatto end young. It was said that she came down town last evening to find her husband, but failed.

#### RECKLESS SHOOTING.

Revolver Bullet Harmlessly Enters the House of Patrolman Fields.

Some one fired a pistol into the home of patrolman Fields, at No. 562 Jefferson avenue, yesterday morning. The bullet entered the house through the kitchen window, split a chair back and lodged in the wall. Fortunately no one was near the window. The motive of the shot is unknown, but it is thought that it was the work of some reckless person with a revolver.

State Printing Bids To-Day.

The bids for the State printing are expected to be in to-day, and five or six of the leading firms will compete. The indications are that lower bids than ever will be received, and the printing board, sisting of Secretary Carter and the State officers, will give several days to figuring out which is the cheapest and best bid. Samples of work to be bid on have been furnished bidders by Mr. Carter.

New Purdue Trustee.

Addison C. Harris has been appointed a nember of the board of trustees of Butler University, to succeed J. T. Strong, of Plainfield, who died. The new trustee is an alumnus of the college. The board of trus-tees adopted a resolution confirming the ap-pointment of Rev. D. R. Lucas as agent to solicit the subscription of \$100,000 to the en-dowment fund of the college.

Locked His Wife Out. A woman giving the name of Dora Janes and her home as Haughville, called at police headquarters last night and asked for rotection. She was hatless and out of breath when she arrived. She was taken in charge by Police Matron Buchanan. The oman says her husband locked her out of their home and she was afraid to return.

Convention of Builders. BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 15.—The National Association of Builders convened in ninth annual session this morning. About seventy-five delegates were present. President Noble Creager, of Baltimore, called the convention to order and introduced Mayor Latrobe, who delivered an address of welcome. President Sexton, of the Builders' Exchange, of Baltinore, in a few remarks extended the courtesies of the exchange to the visiting delegates and outlined a programme for their entertainment while here. President Creager delivered his annual address, and the asciation listened to the reading of a paper by Mr. Robert D. Andrews, of Boston. To-morrow's session will be devoted to consid-eration of the amendments to the constitu-

tion proposed in St. Paul last year, designed to strengthen the organization and increase its representative character. American Military Wheelmen. NEW YORK, Oct. 15 .- At the evening sesston of the American Military Wheelmen following officers were elected: President, General Albert Ordway, District of bia; vice president, Colonel Erice, U. A.; treasurer, First Lieutenant A. in, New York; secretary, Charles Ger-U. S. A. A constitution was adopted provides that the organization shall have three departments, exclusive of the national organization. The national headuarters are to be located in this city, as well as the headquarters of the department of the East. The headquarters of the department of the West are to be in Chicago. and the headquarters for the South in Rich-

Annual Tour of Inspection.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 15.—George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania road, accompanied by other prominent officials of the road reached the city to-night on their annual tour of inspection. The party will spend to-morrow in and around ttsburg, and on the 17th leave for the West. They report the condition of the road between Philadelphia and here in excellent condition. A number of improvements have been suggested and much money will be expended, but plans will not be outlined until after the inspection.

Millers' Executive Committee. CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—The executive com-mittee of the Millers' National Association held an important meeting at the Audi-torium to-day. The association was organized last winter and had for its principal object the extension of the foreign trade in flour. The meeting to-day was for the purpose of formulating a plan of work through Congress. The chief thing aimed at by the millers is to secure the recogni-tion of flour in all treaties and trade agreements made between the United States and other nations.

Minister Killed by the Cars. NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 15 .- Rev. Win. Wilkes, elder brother of Supreme Court Judge John S. Wilkes, was killed at 6 o'clock this evening at Pleasant Grove, fifty miles south of here, on the Louisville & Nashville railroad. In attempting to cross the track in front of an approaching train in his buggy it was run into and he was killed instantly. He had been a Methodist

minister for forty years.

Slaughter of Live Stock. KIOWA, I. T., Oct. 15 .- A Kansas & Arcansas Valley freight train of thirteen cars fell through a trestle eight miles east of here last night. The trestle was 114 feet high, and the train was literally smashed into atoms. Thirteen cars of live stock

Killed by Falling Down Stairs. CANASTATA, N. Y., Oct. 15 .- Commodore De Grass Livingstone, one of Canastata's wealthiest citizens, fell down stairs at his shortly after midnight and was killed. He was about sixty-five years of

The owners of the strawboa i works at Yorktown deny the refuse fron has been allowed to flow into White river. They claim to have facilities for of the refuse, and say that for past none of it has been permitted

### FOR · REVELRY

FORT WAYNE CELEBRATING HER CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.

Gas Belt Farmers Claim the Right Burn Flambeaux-Democrats Fall Out in Madison County.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. FORT WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 15 .- At o'clock this morning, amid the booming of cannon, the shrieks of a hundred whistles and the clanging of bells, the centennial anniversary of Fort Wayne was ushered in. The din was terrific. Such a in the city. Every factory whistle in the city and scores of locomotive whistles with one accord broke the stillness of the morning air and soon the bells in all the churches / took up the exultant refrain and clanged out Fort Wayne's centennial greeting. The cannons fired a salute of one hundred shots. A light rain fell during the night, but the morning broke clear and pleasant. The down-town streets looked like fairyland and the workmen with hammer and nails and lumber, worked all of Sunday and all of Sunday evening, Monday and Monday night. The job of decorating was not completed until | Logansport. late this afternoon. Early on Monday the supply of bunting had been exhausted and none of any kind could be procured until a b ated car arrived late Monday afterpoon. Some idea of the extent and lavishness of the decorations may be gained by contemplating the fact that since the work

of adorning the city began, during the latter days of last week, five carloads of The only event of a formal character this forenoon was the opening of the art loan exhibit. There was no ceremony attending the incident. The doors were simply thrown open for visitors to the place. The display is in every way worthy of the occasion. The floors are filled with beautiful and interesting exhibits so tastefully and artistically arranged as to excite the warmest admiration.

game between the Cincinnati and Chicago cague teams at Lakeside Park drew a large crowd. On account of the late arrival of the Chicago team the game had be called off at the end of the eighth inning on account of darkness, the score standing 4 to 3 in favor of Chicago.

To-night the Princess Rink was crowded Mayor C. B. Oakley made the address of welcome and Perry Randall, president of the centennial committee, responded. Other exercises followed, running the eeting to midnight.

#### RIGHT TO BURN FLAMBEAUX. Farmers Will Fight Gas Inspector Leach in the Courts.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. ELWOOD, Ind., Oct. 15 .- Farmers who are joint stockholders in gas companies composed exclusively of farmers in the north part of this county are indignant over the attempt on the part of Gas Inspector J. C. Leach to stop them from burning their flambeaux at night. They refused to comply with the order and Leach says he will enforce it. The farmers say that they incorporated and drilled gas wells for the pur-poses, as set forth in their articles of association, "to use gas for all farm pur-poses," and they maintain that the burn-ing of their flambeaux is within the scope of that instrument, and that this attempt prevent them from using gas to burn se flambeaux is an fringement upon their rights. They further assert that the flam-beaux, in addition to furnishing them with light in their stock yards and premises, attract and destroy millions of insects each year that prey upon the farm crops, and that they are of untold benefit for the purpose alone. They are not disposed to allow their rights to be trampled on, and will test the matter to see if they cannot use this gas as set forth in their articles of incor-poration. They are beginning to feel like an attempt is being made to restrict them in the use of the gas which belongs to them, so as to enable outside companies to receive all the benefits accruing from its use, and they are disposed to resent any interference in the matter.

ESCAPED FROM PRISON.

Roberts, the Train Wrecker, Gone-Ex-Guard Found Unconscious.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Oct. George Roberts, who was the fourth of the Fontanet wreckers sent from Vigo county to the penitentiary in October, 1894, escaped from the Prison South last night. He had been employed around the stables as a "trusty." He was serving an eightyear term. Roberts was a coal miner. Warden Hert immediately offered a reward of \$50 for his capture. Roberts was the first of seven men arrested for the crime and after he had confessed he gave the prosecution much valuable information by reason of which his sentence was fixed at eight years. Sheriff Butler, of Vigo county, saw him at the prison yesterday, where he was driving a wagon. Ex-Guard Patrick McMahon was found this morning at 5 o'clock lying in an un-conscious condition near the junction, below the prison, and it was thought at rst that McMahon had tempting to escape and in an effort to capture him had been wounded. Since an examination of McMahon's wounds this theory is hardly credited. Concerning njuries, which will probably result in his there is much last evening he started to New Albany. On his return he was seen to board the train and nothing more was of him until this morning. he was found lying near the junction, halfway between this city and New Albany, he was badly wounded about the head.

LOOKS LIKE FOUL PLAY. Remains of Mrs. Sloop Exhumed for Investigation.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. LOGANSPORT, Ind., Oct. 15 .- In the remote northwestern part of Jefferson township, this morning, a grave was opened and the remains of Mrs. George Sloop were exhumed, that Coroner Downey might make an investigation and ascertain the cause of death. Neighbors believed she was the victim of foul play. Mrs. Sloop was the wife of a farmer of Jefferson township and had for some time been suffering from a mental malady. Her disorder at times approached pronounced insanity. On the night of Saturday, Oct. 5, according to her husband's story, she fell from her bed and he arose and assisted her in getting back. She appeared not to be injured, but shortly afterward again arose, and taking a few steps across the room fell dead. This was said to have been between the hours of 1 and 2 a. m. Their only child, a boy of about fifteen, and rather under the average intelligence, carried the news to their neighbors. When blood was discovered by the edge of the bed Sloop was asked as to its origin and said it was probably due to the fact that his wife had skinned her face in a fall. Those who prepared her remains for burial found no marks, however, on her face, but an ugly wound on the back of her head. Suspicions were then aroused, but the burial was held as arranged. This morning Mr. Sloop was to start to Alabama, but the friends of his deceased wife insisted that the investiga-

THE EDITOR ASKS DAMAGES. Mcllett, of Eiwood Free Press, Sues Democratic County Chairman.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. ANDERSON, Ind., Oct. 15 .- A sensation was sprung in Democratic and political circles of this county to-day, when Jesse Mellett, former editor of the Elwood Free Press, filed suit against J. J. Netterville, ex-county clerk and chairman of the Democratic central committee, alleging failure to carry out a contract and asking damages for \$500. While the Elwood Free Press was always counted a Democratic paper it has shown an independent spirit at times. Editor Mellett had a mind of his own. and many a time in the party councils he has been roasted for venturing to inquire what there would be in it for him should the Free Press make a campaign for a candidate or set of candidates. In 1892 when Mr. Netterville was county clerk he entered into a contract, by the

turn ovr to the Free Press for publication all the county printing that came into his office for the townships of Pipecreek, Duckcreek and Boone and in return the Free Press was to preach Democratic docerine of the rock-ribbed and Bourbon variety. Editor Mellett alleges in his complaint that "boss" Netterville instead of keeping his promise turned over the printing to the Anderson Democrat, of which he was one-third owner. The offended editor now wants judgment for \$500 and threatens to reveal State secrets when and threatens to reveal State secrets when the trial is called if the claim be not ad-justed. Republicans are enjoying this family quarrel.

Octogenarian Goes Visiting. Special to the Indianapolis Journal. LOGANSPORT, Ind., Oct. 15 .- A trip William Orwin, of this county, to Missouri,

begun yesterday, is attended with interesting circumstances. Mr. Orwin is eightyseven years old, and during his long and eventful carrer has given homes to a number of boys. He has never had any children of his own, but has been the means of starting several persons out in life of starting several persons out in life equipped with abundant education and that most essential quality—financial backing—to make their way in the world. Two of these children now live at Moberly, Mo. One of them is Cyrus Beatty, a man of sixty; the other is D. S. Forney, aged fifty-five. These children started out from the home of Mr. Orwin years ago, and after serving in the Union army during the rebellion, settled in Missouri and have become wealthy and prominent citizens. Mr. Orwin left yesterday alone. He is still a hale and hearty man, and would not be taken to be more than sixty years. He taken to be more than sixty years. He is an uncle of Mayor George P. McKee, of

Seth Matthews's Fairy Story.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. BROOKLYN, Ind., Oct. 15.-Seth Matthews, who so mysteriously disappeared from home over a month ago, has turned up again. He wandered away from home while his mind was temporarily deranged, and although a diligent search was kept bunting have been sold by the merchants of this city and when the last yard that was for sale went out of the store yesterday there was still a demand for thousands of yards. Even the most remote parts of the city are decorated.

up for several days, no trace of him was found until last Friday, when he called on the police at St. Louis. He said he waked up lying on a levee near the St. Louis railroad bridge, and having recovered his right mind, recognized the bridge and surfound until last Friday, when he called on the police at St. Louis. He said he waked up lying on a levee near the St. Louis railroad bridge, and having recovered his right mind, recognized the bridge and sur-rounding country and he was so bewildered that he was afraid to move, and sat at that point from about 5 p. m. until day-light next morning, when he went to the light next morning, when he went to the remember anything from the time of his disappearance until finding himself on the banks of the great Mississippi; could not even tell whether he had had anything to eat or whether he had seen anyone. How he got there or when, he could not tell. His wife arrived home with him yes-

Winchester, 6: Hager, 0. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

WINCHESTER, Ind., Oct. 15 .- The Winchester High School football team defeated the Hager team to-day by a score of 6 0. The teams lined up as follows: Winchester. Positions. Addleman ......center..... Vestal ......right guard......Rin Engle ......Willi Remmel ......right tackle.....Prockter Howard ......left tackle......Riggs mons (capt.)...right end......Bright Dally ......left end. Kable ......quarterback.. .........quarterback..Browne (capt.)

Fielder ....right half .....Rogers
Wright ....left half .....Opter
Votaw .....full back .....Saltgers Goal kick-Votaw. Winchester still has some open dates which manager Harry Semons would like

Trying to Break Mrs. Needham's Will. Special to the Indianapolis Journal. COLUMBUS, Ind., Oct. 15 .- A will case involving \$100,000 was filed in the courts of this county to-day on a change of venue from Johnson county. The suit is brought to break the will of Mrs. Malinda Needham, the widow of Noah Needham, of Needam's Station. The will was made 1899 and leaves the most of the property to Serelda McConnell and Matilda Mills two sisters of Mrs. Needham, and to Jesse Duckworth, a son of another sister. Mrs. Needham had eight brothers and sisters and there are thirty-seven claimants to the estate. They will attempt to prove that Mrs. Needham was of unsound mind and that the will does not dispose of the property as she wished and that it

was obtained by fraud. Competing with the Syndicate. Special to the Indianapolis Journal. WABASH, Ind., Oct. 15 .- To-day natural gas from the Indiana field was brought through the new pipe line of the Wabash Fuel Company to this city. The field line of the company is of six-inch pipe, and the entire system will cost \$100,000, Wabash capitalists furnishing the money. The building of this line gives Wabash competition with the Dieterich syndicate in supplying gas, and insures plenty of fuel and low rates as long as the supply holds out. The mains are being laid in the streets and all con-

sumers of the new company will be using the gas, which is brought eighteen miles. Threw Himself Under the Train. Special to the Indianapolis Journal. NOBLESVILLE, Ind., Oct. 15 .- Edward Caylor, a young married man, about twenty-five years old, committed suicide here this afternoon. He was sitting on an old bench near the railroad track talking to another young man when the south-bound Panhandle train came along. When the rear coach came he got up and, walking toward the car, threw himself wheels and was instantly killed, had some trouble on his mind some time. One day last week he tried to borrow a revolver of a friend, but was

Carload of Beer Wrecked.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Oct. 15 .- There was a head-end collision on the Vandalia ten miles east of Effingham last night which caused the death of an unknown tramp and the almost total destruction of engine No. 151. Freight No. 29, west bound, had passed the first section of No. 22, east bound, and the latter, carrying no signal for the second No. 22, No. 29 proceeded west, unaware that there was a second section. Two cars loaded with cotton and one loaded with Anheuser-Busch beer were badly wrecked. None of the train crews was injured.

Diphtheria Scare at Hammond.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. HAMMOND, Ind., Oct. 15,-The School Board of this city this morning ordered all the public schools closed for an indefinite period. This action was taken on account of the prevalence of diphtheria other diseases throughout the city. During the past ten days there have been no less than twenty deaths from diph-theria. It was at first thought the disease could be checked without elosing schools, but it has spread to such alarming extent that it has become almost hundred .cases. Dr. Coultas at Marion.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. MARION, Ind., Oct. 15 .- The examinate of the undergraduates of the Northern Indiana Conference has brought to the city a number of well-known clergymen, by whom the pulpit is occupied at night. To-night a ser-mon was delivered by Dr. Coultas, of Roberts Park Church, Indianapolis. To-morrow night Dr. Sims is expected to preside, and Thursday night a sermon by Dr. David H. Morse, of Cincinnati, is promised

Inmate of Soldiers' Home Killed. Special to the Indianapolis Journal. MARION, Ind., Oct. 15 .- Thomas King, a member of the Soldiers' Home, was killed on the Panhandle railroad near the home

last night. He was walking on the track

where it runs through a cut around a curve, where it was impossible for the engineer to see him until the engine struck him. He had been a private in Company D. First Delaware Cavalry. Electric Road Franchise Granted. Special to the Indianapolis Journal. FORT WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 15 .- The Board

of Public Works to-day granted a franchise to C. Everett to bring his electric street car line from Columbia City and Lake Everett into the city, and on Harrison street to the Union Depot. This is a very important concession to the Everett line and assures the building of the line. Cornerstone Laid at Rensselger.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal, RENSSELAER, Ind., Oct. 15 .- The corner stone of a ten-thousand-dollar Presbyterian church was laid here today in the terian church was laid here today in the "You have not been paid." pronounced the Cuban slowly. "You never will be paid. The thaler delivered a forcible address, and un-

der its influence a church debt of \$2,300 was

Young Man Found Dead. Special to the Indianapolis Journal. FRANKFORT, Ind., Oct. 15. - Charles Martin, aged nineteen years, was found dead near Franklin this afternoon. There were no marks of violence on the body, and it is thought his death was caused by an attack of heart disease.

Died from Heart Disease. Special to the Indianapolis Journal. WABASH, Ind., Oct. 15 .- George Grow, an old resident of this county, was found dead in his garden at Roann, last night, by William Rank, a neighbor. Death is supposed to have resulted from heart disease. Indiana Deaths.

FRANKLIN, Ind., Oct. 15.-Lewis Elbs

DePue, editor and proprietor of the Frank-lin Republican, died at the home of his widowed mother at 9 o'clock this morning. He had been ill four weeks with typhoid fever. The funeral will occur Thursday at o'clock at the Christian Church. Mr. De-Pue was twenty seven years old. He purchased the Franklin Republican from R. A. Brown and took possession last February. He was energetic, public-spirited and most honorable in all his dealings. He was a member of Hesperian Lodge, No. 12, K. of P.; Ancient Order of Essenes, and the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternities, the latter a Greek society of Franklin College in

a Greek society of Franklin College, in which Mr. DePue was a student until his health and eyesight failed. For more than a year Mr. DePue had published the Endeavorer, a paper in the interest of the Christian Endeavor societies of Johnson and adjoining counties. He was superintendent of the Sunday school work of the Christian RUSHVILLE, Ind., Oct. 15.Mrs. Catherine Gantner, a well-known resident of this city

and wife of John Gantner, who has been identified with the business interests of this city for the last thirty years, died yesterday, aged fifty-seven. She was born in Amarstorf, Germany, and was married at North Vernon, Ind., Sept. 15, 1860. Seven children, among them Mrs. George Wingerter, of Indianapolis, survive. The funeral will be held Wednesday morning at the Cuban seemed to sense this thought in the youth's mind, for he said impressively: the Catholic Church. RICHMOND, Ind., Oct. 15.-Mrs. V. Otto

Williams died at her home here yesterday Williams died at her home here yesterday afternoon, aged forty-five, of consumption.

Larkin Gaar, aged ninety-five, died at his home, a short distance south of this city, this morning. He was one of the few remaining pioneers of this section, and has been a resident of Wavne county since 1807, when he came here with his parents. He was born in Virginia.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Oct. 15.—The venerable Chris Selmer, aged seventy-five, died to-day at the home of his son-in-law, Willard Hume, of this city. He had been ill for gaveral weeks of general debility and old age. He was one of the oldest German residents of the city. GREENCASTLE, Ind., Oct. 15 .- Mrs. Josephine S. Turman, widow of the late Judge Solon Turman, died this afternoon of heart trouble. Deceased was the mother of Mrs. Flora T. Laughlin and a daughter of the late Hon. Henry Secrest.

MUNCIE, Ind., Oct. 15 .- Mrs. Anna Vale aged thirty-two, died last night of typhole

# A Breath from a Cuban Battlefield.

Helene M. Bowen, in Chicago Tribune. "Madre de Dios! It is hard to die so slowly when life is young."

With the intensity of a tropical noon the sun seemed to expend its entire force of terrible heat upon the unsheltered spot

circling above the forms of the victims which this encounter had furnished tnem It would be hours yet before the darkness would fall mercifully upon the putrid remains of what had been men at the rising

The wide, tortured eyes of a boy stared fearfully upward to the blazing zenith, past the voraclous birds which seemed watching his sufferings with calculating vision. He thought with sick brain of the vine-clad hills of Spain-the running streams-the little home-the mother. Tears welled up into his scorched orbs. He felt the hot drops creep down his cheeks. He did not try to wipe them away-what matter? The dead could not see. The mother never would know that he had fought as valiantly as a Spaniard can, and was dying as nobly as he knew how. Dying—for what? For these wretched Cubans. With what little energy he had left he reached out and thrust his of the judios reached his ears. He knew by foot savagely against the prostrate form of one of those whom he had been sent from Spain to conquer. He knew nothing of their grievances. He had heard nothing of their wrongs. He had been drafted to assist his country in retaining forcible pos session of her treasure island. That was all. The man whom he had thought dead stirred with the vigor of the kick. His eyes opened. They held not the staring horror of those from whom life has fled.

"Que quiere V?" the Cuban questioned

"Can you use your hands?" inquired th Cuban. "Try to reach my belt-on the other side

the canteen from the man's belt before he discovered that the Cuban's arm was shot

"Dios mio!" he cried. "You are bleeding "It is true," assented the Cuban calmly. "You are horribly mangled, senor!" the boy said pitifully, forgetting his own suffer-

"Yes, but-it is for Cuba!" the man mur-"And you have made no complaint! thought that you were dead!"

"I shall be soon." A smile touched the Cuban's features. "Santa Maria!" The boy looked wonderingly into the man's pain-drawn face. "Are you one of those I hit when I shot from behind that barricade of dead bodies?" "It may be so," sighed the man weakly.

'What difference? A Spanish bullet is a Spanish bullet. Each of us fought for what he thought right. You are only a boy. Spain does ill to send such as you against us!" The boy shook the canteen. The sound of its contents against the side of the tin made him frantic. He lifted it to his lips, but be epidemic. At present there are about one fore the moisture had touched his parched mouth he jerked the vessel away with heroic effort. He bent and pressed it to the mouth of the man who generously had relinquished the precious possession to him-

> The dying man allowed some of the price to cool his stiff lips; then he moved his head to one side. "It is too valuable to waste on me." sald, closing his eyes, "I shall soon gone; but you-you are not badly wounded; you will live." "I am dying now, senor." The boy tried to say it bravely, but there was a break in his voice. "Turn on your face," advised the Cuban "It is easier-to breathe with the face to

the earth, and-you cannot see the-judios! The lad turned himself partially over. "Bravo! You will live to be-rescued. murmured the Cuban. "Rescued?" the Spaniard echoed. "They never will come back for us poor devils! The dead are left on the field." "By the Spaniards-yes!" assented the man, with a scorn none the less potent because it was uttered with weakeni "But we are more merciful."

"Think you that I would let the insurgents take me alive?" demanded the Spaniard. I would use your machete first!"

The Cuban reopened his eyes.

"Have you come over here to fight us because of your love for Spain; or—are you paid for coming?" he asked significantly.
The young Spaniard Assitated. His keen
memory recalled with unpleasant distincness the many promises that had been made him and his comrades promises that had met no fulfillment. In that moment he relived all that had passed through since leaving the dear mother country full of enthusiasm and the determination of the Cubans; and, though he would not confess it, he knew that all that Spain had given him in return for his life was-de-

ignorant youth like you whom she sends over here to face the fatal dangers of Cuban climate and Cuban fighters, to whom there is but one meaning to life

now-freedom."

"You hate us; you kill us; yet-you give me to drink from your cantina," the Spanlard said, as if to himself. "I am sorry-for you, child," the man answered. He spoke with a visible effort. He was conscious that every word short-ened his life by the amount of energy ex-pended in the utterance of it; but, could his remaining moments of existence be more worthily spent than in telling this more worthily spent than in telling this Spanish warrior some of the cruel wrongs of this island ground beneath the iron heel of Spanish oppression? "My dying heart yearns for you who are as much—her victim as we who have been crushed so long. She has taken your bright life with as little ruth as she has displayed ever in her dealings with those she rules. You will live to feel the bitterness of her ingratitude. She has fed on us—robbed us. of millions yearly. Listen, muchacho. See if you—can understand. In conquering us the last time—in the eight-year war—she heaped upon herself a debt of \$250,000,000. Think you that she has discharged it? She has placed that debt upon Cuba's already overburdened shoulders. She has drawn from her shackled island over \$30,000,000 interest yearly on that war debt alone. We are taxed for everything but alone. We are taxed for everything but the breath that we draw, and—we are taxed for that: A boy on becoming fourteen begins to pay a capita tax—because he is so unfortunate as to be alive. Is it not a poor worm that fails to turn at last? You have come over the seas to defend an ignoble cause, my boy-and already-you are forgotten." The young soldier shivered. The sight of the circling judios pierced him with a hor-rible cold. He wondered how long it would

be before their great beaks met through his "And you, senor, you are-?" with a new note in his voice. The Cuban gave a name that caused the

"To have killed me-will mean much ou-if you return to the Spaniards. It "I know," the Spaniard answered faintly, Tears had leaped into his eyes as they had at the thought of his mother. "But-I had rather not-have-." It is one thing to see men fall all around you in battle and know that your turn may come next; it is another thing to lie hopeless and watch a lion-heart fight manfully inch by inch with death—that your bullet has brought him.
The Spaniard contrived to press the canteen
with its few drops of water to the lips of
the marine.
The Cuban refused,

"There is but little of it. It will keepyou alive until-they come-the Cubans. If you-have life-they will take you-to our "Nunca! Nunca!" swore the Spanish sol 'They will-nurse you," explained the Cu

ban. "When you-recover-they will allow you to be returned to the Spanish side-in exchange. That will—be better than death—when one is young—no, amigo mio!"

The boy said nothing. The Cuban went "If you-live-till then, you can do-me kindness." "Que, senor." The lad's voice was sof

and-a-picture! The papers falling into the hands of any-Cuban, will be-well taken care of. Should I intrust them to you -I might cause you-your immediate death. But the-picture!" He revealed it as it lay in his uninjured hand, clasped close. "None where lay the dead of the Cuban battle-field. The soldiers had rushed on as best they could after the wary, scattering body of "insurgents."

The black, hook-billed judios already were command the attention of one word—will command the attention of the command the comma command the attention of—any Cuban. That word is—Salto! Speak that—and ask for Jose Cabareyo. To give him this face I hold in my hand. To me—it is dearer than all else—save—Cuba!"

"Will he know what—to do with the face,

senor?" questioned the boy. "It is a wonderful face, senor!" "It is-because of women-like her-that wonderful face—amigo mio!"
To hear himself called friend by the for whose death he counted himself rensible was a moving experience for this boy whose young heart went out to this-his enemy, as termed by Spain. He watched the man place the beautiful miniature to his face and hold it there. A long silence

"And—if this Jose Cabareyo be dead also, senor-what then?"
But there was no reply. There never again would be a reply from the lips that rested against the treasured pictured face. The Spaniard laid his own face on the hot, of the judios reached his ears. He knew by the commotion that they had descended upon some victim, but he did not lift his head. The horrible silence of the battle-field, broken only by the hideous rejoicings of the carrion birds, froze his blood. He prayed for unconsciousness, but his prayer met with no response. Indeed, it seemed to him that never had he been so intensely alive. The sharpness of his own sufferings returned with keeper force for having been returned with keener force for having been sunk from sight for a time in the contemplation of the pains of another.

The moments crept by, weighted. He felt if he should live a thousand years he never should forget the thoughts which marshaled themselves before him during the burning hours that spread their withering blight over the field of death. When night swept down swiftly at last, after the peculiar fashion of West Indian darkness, it found the boy too far gone to appreciate the change. But he was not dead. The stealthy figures which crept like shadows over the field when the great Southern stars hung low ascertained quickly that life was not extinct.

You will find my—cantina."

The Spanish boy managed, with groans he could not stifle, to drag himself far enough to do as the Cuban suggested. He extracted of aguardiente to the lips of the Spanish

is worth taking. When they lifted him up to carry him to where a bunch of Cuban horses stood prepared for conveying the wounded to camp the lids of the soldier of Spain lifted with difficulty. He understood what had come to pass. The Cubans had come for their dead. Dimly he remembered the instruc-

"Salto!" he managed to enunciate. Pablo and his companion came near drop ng him in their astonishment "Caramba!" ejaculated Pablo. "Art thou one of us—in a Spanish uniform?"

But he could give them no explanation.

The pain of being thus borne roughly along had betowed upon him the complete un-consciousness he had craved through the

Behind Pablo and his companion moved two other forms, lifting reverently the dead man, who had intrusted his secret to the Spaniard. The two were placed to-gether in the blanket swung between two caballos. Swift was the merciful work done that night beneath the sad face of heaven. Those of the Cuban dead who could not be borne away were buried amid the majesty of silence. Only the Spaniards were left r the ravenous birds of prey to feast

An hour after midnight the slow march was taken toward camp. The little horses picked their way carefully, seeming mindful of their burdens. The red dust of the lighway rose in clouds about them for a wearisome distance, then the cavalcade plunged suddenly into the intense blackness of the forest-mantled hills. An upward route was taken. With every forward step of the caballos it seemed as if the bodies swung in the blankets would slip out on the yielding mold, the accumulation of the cen-turies of nature's decay; but the animals crept with infinite caution onward in the wake of men who, by the aid of uplifted tapers, cut right and left with their mathrough the tangle of warring green growth which forms such impregnable fortresses for Cuba's tireless patriots. The Southern Cross "bent" farther

the intricacles of tropical vegetation caught no glimpse of the fading stars. Day had urst up over the eastern horizon the weary procession came out into a little clearing, where the camp of the insurgents was stationed. Immediately the spot became the scene of sorrowful activity. The blankets were released gently and their contents placed tenderly on the soft forest carpet. Over the body of the dead man be-side the Spaniard serious lamentations were spoken. Eyes which were strangers to tears grew moist as they looked down upon the noble upturned face. Brown worn countenances viewed sadly the calm visage of him who had been a leader One man knelt down beside him hastil and searched for the papers he was known to have carried. They were safe. But he who had found the papers did not seem satisfied; he still sought.

farther in the indigo vault overhead.

"What seek you, Jose? questioned the General, looking on. The important things are all here, Pobre Ricardito. Dios save him. In losing him we lose more than we Jose rose to his feet with a sigh.
"He was the bravest of us," he said, and
he words appeared to force themselves

The wounded were conveyed to the im

provised hospital The dead were placed a row together At their head lay Ricar nzalez, fared by the governmen loved by his contrades. Under the florious brightening dawn prayers were said over those whose liver had gone out in Cuba's struckle for Ill erty. Fitter survices could never be held over any her es. They were consigned to martial graves while the light of another day in Cuba's history swept over the island for which they had died gloop. The whispering, solemn forest sent aloft from its cathedral arches an anthem sweeter than song of human tongue. "These are they who passed to the ranks of the mighty!" was the melody that seemed to swell and creep along the aisles are rayes of the emerald columned temple.

For days the little Spa 'ay among the wounded, ministered unc. It knowing it not. A stupor fell upon him which culminated finally in that draider, fever which makes such fatal ravages a norg the unacclimated soldiers of Spain. In his delirium there was but one thing which would quiet him. It was the miniature which Gonzalez had intrusted to him. When it was placed in his hand he would cease his mosning and lie seemingly content. The mouning and lie seemingly content. The moment it was removed from his grasp he appeared sensible of its loss and was fretted by it. For the sake of keeping him at ease he was humored in the matter, and it was commonly supposed to be the face of his Spanish sweetheart. The lad was an object of interest to his attendants because object of interest to his attendants because of Pablo's recital of his acquaintance with the power of the word "Salto!"

the power of the word "Salto!"

The day came, however, when even the possession of the picture in his hand did not satisfy him. All day he moaned and troubled. Just at nightfall he uttered a name that seemed to give him a strange satisfaction—"Jose Cabareyo." After that he became quiet. The following day the previous unrest returned, but he found the name with greater ease this time, but one utterance of it was not sufficient. He reiterated "Jose Cabareyo" until, in hopes of soothing him, that individual was sent for. But Jose Cabareyo was out on a foraging expedition, and it was not until the night of the morrow that the Cuban soldier found his wandering way to the side of this Spaniard, who now called him incessantly.

"Que quiere el?" he demanded curiously looking down on the fevered, unfamiliar "What wishes he?" shrugged the at-tendant. "Yo no se. I know only that he now calls your name night and day till I have no peace. And he will not let me take the face out of his fingers now even for an instant.

"Take the face out of his fingers?" re peated Jose Cabareyo, puzzledly. "Look, senor," whispered the attendant, bending back two of the Spaniard's flugers so that the face was visible in the palm of his hand as its original owner had held it. "This is what he prizes." Jose Cabareyo bent his head and peered

at the miniature.
"Madre de Cielo!" he cried, staggering "How comes he with that?" He e deavored to wrench it from the grasp of the sick boy. He tore the emaciated hand open fiercely. He stared at the pictured eyes as if he could never have his fill. Without another glance at the lad Jose Cabareyo rushed away into the darkness. All efforts to find him proved unavailing. Through the night hours the Spaniard was unmanageable. Tirelessly he repeated as if "The picture! None must see it-but one! I can trust him! Jose Cabayero! Jose Ca-

With the coming of dawn Jose Cabarey returned to the side of the sick Spaniard. His face was haggard. His clothes were torn with the sharp thorns of the sand-box tree. He found the General sitting by the boy, listening to his relterated cries. "There is some mystery in this affair." said the commander, eyeing Jose severely. "This lad evidently has some important information that he is unable to impart. On nquiry I learn that he was picked up the side of Ricardito Gonzalez. He appears to know the value of the password, for he keeps repeating it, and he calls again and again-your name. . From the attend learn that you were summoned and tool from him a possession that he seems to hold dearer than anything else. You have absented yourself for the night. Have you any explanation to make?"

Jose Cabareyo had started at the wor which told him that the Spaniard had been found by the side of Gonzalez. In an in-

stant everything was clear to him. He stood silent before his officer.
"These are the words which the muchacha constantly murmurs: 'The picture None must see it-but one. I can trus Jose Cabareyo,' the general said, not taking his gaze from this man who was one of his most fearless followers. "This picture you have taken away from him-

Jose Cabareyo has made his decision.
"You have the right idea, senor mio," he admitted slowly, "though I knew it not until last night. When I was summoned here and saw in the hand of this boy a picture of a woman whom I love better than my life—I took it away from him because—I felt there was some mystery in which her name should not be made to bear a part."

"But if this picture was his—" began the

"The picture could not possibly have been his, senor mio," exclaimed Jose, with Then-whose was it?" demanded the

"Since you say that he was discovered by the side of Gonzalez it might easily be that —Gonzalez commissioned him to deliver it to me if he were taken prisoner."
"How should Gonzalez have the face of the word an whom you love?" questioned the "Dios sabe," answered Jose, with a bit ter light in his eyes.
"Perhaps he was more fortunate than you—a favored suitor," suggested the General with a lift of his brows. "Dying—he may have bequeathed you her picture. Did he know that you loved her vainly?" "He may have suspected it," answered ose. "All who love her love her vainly." "Caspita," cried the General with interest.

"Porque?"
"Because—she is already—a wife!" replied Jose. Now his glance was as keen as that of his general had been. "Santissima!" commented the General.
"Yet Gonzales possessed her picture! How
do you account for that?" "I do not try to account for that," was Jose's answer, which was a lie. All night he had been trying to account for it. "Zape! The solution is easy enough," de-cided the General. "Like her sex, she is unfaithful to her husband." "That I refuse to believe, General mio."

Jose Cabareyo's voice was stern and foridding. "She is true-or all the world in

The General laughed incredulously "She must be a paragon, indeed, to awaken such confidence in the minds of her lovers," he returned, "I must have a peep at her face." He held out his hand for the object which had been taken from the 'Pardoname, sener mlo," pleaded Jose

firmley. "I must refuse."
"Refuse to obey your superior officer?"
"Si, senor; in an affair of this nature?" "You can trust me, Jose, "If the miniature was Gonzalez's and he believed that he could trust me to return it to the original, as the words of this Spaniard seem to indicate. I should prove myself little worthy of trust if I should allow even you to see it, senor mio. I have the honor of a Cuban. I am willing to be shot at noon, but-I consider this trust sacred."

The General has risen. His face, was "A miniature?" he repeated. "I command

you to let me see ft."

Quick as a flash Jose Cabareyo place
the face of the miniature under his spurre
heel and ground it to powder.

It was the face of the General's wife. am willing to be shot at noon," Jose Cabareyo said calmly. A spasm of rage shook the General visi-bly for a brief instant; then he held out his hand admiringly. "If all women were as faithful as yo woman's honor as you—this would be— a heaven instead of—a hell. You now will be unable to fulfill your trust, you cannot return it to the senora. "But-I can tell her that it met con

"Will that satisfy her?"

"Who knows—what satisfies a woman?"

The young Spaniard died at nightfall, ignorant that his troublesome mission had een fulfilled. He was buried beside the been fulfilled. He was buried beside the man from whose cantina he had drank and whose request he had tried to effectuate. On the top of the green-crested hill they lie together calmly while the tide of war goes on about them, never again to touch them with its fever and its pain.

Hood Frames, Summer Fronts. Jno. M. Lilly



